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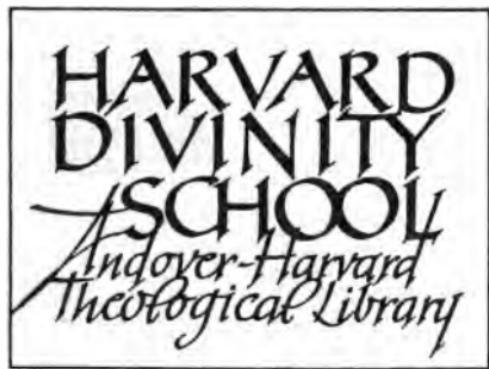
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HYMNS

FOR THE

HOSPITAL CHAPEL,

WORCESTER.

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H Y M N S.

1. C. M. * * *

- 1 A BRIGHT unfading crown doth grace
The victor's deathless head,
Who swift hath run the heavenly race,
And to the goal hath sped.
- 2 Who for his brow that wreath would win,
Must lay aside each weight,
And cast away the robe of sin
That would his feet beset.
- 3 Who runneth for the peerless prize,
And would not run in vain,
Must keep before his eager eyes
The garland he would gain.
- 4 He must forget, who runs the race,
The ground already passed,
And to the mark must forward press,
With ever active haste.
- 5 Whose spirit would not faint, nor miss
The joy of him that's crowned,
Must view the cloud of witnesses
That compass him around.
- 6 But, most of all, be ever met
The crowning Conqueror's eye,
Who, for the joy before him set,
Won the great victory.

2. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 ABSENT from flesh ! O blissful thought !
What unknown joys this moment brings !
Freed from the mischiefs sin has brought,
From pains and fears and all their springs !
- 2 Absent from flesh ! illustrious day !
Surprising scene ! triumphant stroke,
That rends the prison of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke !
- 3 Absent from flesh ! then rise, my soul,
Where feet nor wings could ever climb ;
Beyond the heavens where planets roll,
Measuring the cares and joys of time.
- 4 I go where God and glory shine,
His presence makes eternal day ;
My all that's mortal I resign,
For angels wait and point my way.

3. C. M. BARBAULD.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray ;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
O what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,



Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

5 Jesus, the friend of human kind,
Was crucified and slain !
Behold, the tomb its prey restores !
Behold, he lives again !

6 And while his conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies,
Broken, beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

4. C. M. COWPER.

1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic as the sun ;
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
Its truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

3 Let endless thanks, O God ! be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5. C. M. DUNCAN.

1 ALL-HAIL the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small !
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall ;
 Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

5 O, that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall ;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

6. L. M. STEELE.

1 ALMIGHTY maker of my frame,
 Teach me the measure of my days ;
 Teach me to know how frail I am,
 And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span ;
 A little point my life appears :
 How frail, at best, is dying man !
 How vain are all his hopes and fears !

3 Vain his ambition, noise and show ;
 Vain are the cares which rack his mind :
 He heaps up treasures mixed with wo,
 And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O, be a heavenly portion mine !
 My God, I bow before thy throne ;
 Earth's fleeting treasure I resign,
 And fix my hope on thee alone.

7. C. M. WATTS.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb ?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,—
 Or blush to speak his name ?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas ?

3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
 Must I not stem the flood ?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God ?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign ;
 Increase my courage, Lord !
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
 Shall conquer, though they die ;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

8. S. M. WATTS.

1 AND must this body die ?
 This mortal frame decay ?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mouldering in the clay ?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms
 Shall but refine this flesh,
 Till my triumphant spirit comes,
 To put it on afresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives,
 And often from the skies
 Looks down, and watches all my dust,
 Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Arrayed in glorious grace
 Shall these vile bodies shine ;
 And every shape, and every face
 Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
 To Jesus' dying love ;
 We would adore his grace below,
 And sing his power above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
 Of these our humble songs,
 Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
 With our immortal tongues.

9. L. M. COLLYER'S COLL.

1 ANOTHER fleeting day is gone :
 Slow o'er the west the shadows rise ;
 Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown,
 And night's dark mantle veils the skies.

2 Another fleeting day is gone,
 Swept from the records of the year ;
 And still, with each successive sun,
 Life's fading visions disappear.

3 Another fleeting day is gone,
 To join the fugitives before ;
 And I, when life's employ is done,
 Shall sleep, to wake in time no more.

4 Another fleeting day is gone ;
 But soon a fairer day shall rise,—
 A day, whose never-setting sun
 Shall pour its light o'er cloudless skies.

5 Another fleeting day is gone ;
 In solemn silence rest, my soul ;
 Bow down before his awful throne,
 Who bids the morn and evening roll.

10. L. M. STENNET.

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another sabbath is begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.
- 2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away ;
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

11. L. M. KENN.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Lord ! I my vows to thee renew :
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 3 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

12. L. M. BARBAULD.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes ;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host ;
Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.
- 2 Here giant danger threatening stands,
Mustering his pale, terrific bands ;
There pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.
- 3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground ;
Perils and snares beset thee round ;
Beware of all ; guard every part ;
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

13. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on :
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye :—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
 Which shall new lustre boast,
 When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
 Shall blend in common dust.

14. L. M. WATTS.

1 **AWAKE**, my zeal, awake, my love,
 To serve my Savior here below,
 In works, which perfect saints above
 And holy angels cannot do.

2 Awake, my charity, to feed
 The hungry soul, and clothe the poor :
 In heaven are found no sons of need,
 There all these duties are no more.

3 Subdue thy passions, O my soul !
 Maintain the fight, thy work pursue,
 Daily thy rising sins control,
 And be thy victories ever new.

4 The land of triumph lies on high,
 No foes in conflict meet thee there :
 Lord, I would conquer till I die,
 And finish all the glorious war.

5 Let every flying hour confess
 I gain thy gospel fresh renown ;
 And, when my life and labors cease,
 May I possess the promised crown !

15. L. M. WATTS.

1 **AWAKE**, our souls ! away our fears !
 Let every trembling thought be gone !
 Awake, and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint ;

But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint,—

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

16. L. M. WATTS.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And, when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love,
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

17. P. M. OGILVIE.

1 BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay,
 Let each enraptured thought obey ;
 And praise the Almighty Name ;
 Lo ! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell the inspiring theme.

2 Ye angels spread the joyful sound,
 While all the adoring throngs around
 His wond'rous mercy sing ;
 Let every listening saint above
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
 And touch the loudest string.

3 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
 Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker God,
 Ye thunders, speak his power ;
 Lo ! on the lightning's rapid wings
 In triumph rides the King of kings ;
 The astonished worlds adore.

4 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
 To join the thunder of the skies,
 Praise him who bids you roll ;
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 * And breathe it to the soul.

5 Wake, all ye soaring throng, and sing,
 Ye cheerful warblers of the spring ;
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To him who shaped your finer mould,
 Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
 And tuned your voice to praise.

6 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
 The feeling heart, the reasoning head
 In heavenly praise employ ;
 Spread the Creator's name around,
 Till heaven's wide arch ring back the sound,
 The general burst of joy.

18. L. M. WATTS.

1 BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive !
 Behold, the dead awake, and live !
 The dumb speak wonders ! and the lame
 Leap like the hart, and bless his name !

2 Thus does the eternal Spirit own
 And seal the mission of the Son ;
 The Father vindicates his cause,
 While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies !—the heavens in mourning stood !
 He rises—and appears a God !
 Behold the Lord ascending high,
 No more to bleed, no more to die.

4 Hence and forever from my heart
 I bid my doubts and fears depart ;
 And to those hands my soul resign,
 Which bear credentials so divine.

19. S. M. WATTS.

1 BEHOLD ! the lofty sky
 Declares its Maker, God ;
 And all his starry works on high
 Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
 Still keep their course the same ;
 While night to day, and day to night
 Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land
 Their general voice is known ;
 They show the wonders of his hand,
 And orders of his throne.

4 Ye christian lands, rejoice !
 Here he reveals his word ;
 We are not left to nature's voice
 To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands
 Are set before our eyes ;
 He puts his gospel in our hands,
 Where our salvation lies.

6 While of thy works I sing,
 Thy glory to proclaim,
 Accept the praise, my God, my King,
 In my Redeemer's name.

20. S. M. WATTS.

1 BEHOLD the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way !
 His beams through all the nations run,
 And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
 It spreads diviner light ;
 It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
 And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word !
 And all thy judgments just !
 Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
 And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
 Are thy directions given !
 O may I never read in vain,
 But find the path to heaven.

5 I hear thy word with love,
 And I would fain obey ;
 Send thy good Spirit from above,
 To guide me, lest I stray.

6 While with my heart and tongue
 I spread thy praise abroad,
 Accept the worship and the song,
 My Savior and my God.

21. C. M. WATTS.

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,
 Which God in Zion lays,
 To build our heavenly hopes upon,
 And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
 And saints adore the name ;
 They trust their whole salvation here,
 Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
 Reject it with disdain ;
 Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
 And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
 Yet must this building rise :
 'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
 And wondrous in our eyes.

22. 11s. & 8s. EPIS. COLL.

1 BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
 Oh serve him with gladness and fear ;
 Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
 With love and devotion draw near.

2 The Lord he is God—and Jehovah alone
 Is Maker and Ruler of all ;

And we are his people, his sceptre we own ;
His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 Oh enter his gates with thanksgiving and song ;
Your vows in his temple proclaim ;
His praise in melodious concert prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand ;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

23. L. M. WATTS.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God ;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
His favors claim thy highest praise ;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot ?

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done ;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels ;
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threatening graves.

5 Let the whole earth his power confess ;
Let the whole earth adore his grace ;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

24. S. M. WATTS.

- 1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one ;
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet ;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure filled the room.
- 4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

25. S. M. FAWCETT.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;

But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign,
Through all eternity.

26. C. M. WATTS.

- 1 BLEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet ;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat :
- 2 But in the statutes of the Lord,
Has placed his chief delight ;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.
- 3 He, like a plant of generous kind
By living waters set,
Safe from the storm and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.
- 4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine ;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.
- 5 Not so the impious and unjust ;
What vain designs they form !
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

27. 11s. & 10s. HEBER.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall,
 Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom and offerings divine ?
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure ;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

28. C. M. ANON.

1 BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
 With mild, benignant ray,
 The Gentiles to the lowly shed
 Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo ! a brighter, clearer light,
 Now points to his abode ;
 It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
 To guide us to our Lord.

3 O haste to follow where it leads ;
 The gracious call obey,
 Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
 The Christian's destined way.

4 O gladly tread the narrow path,
 While light and grace are given ;
 Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
 Shall reign with him in heaven.

29. L. M. CHAPEL LITURGY.

- 1 CALLED by the Sabbath bells away,
Unto thy holy temple, Lord,
I'll go, with willing mind, to pray,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word.
- 2 O sacred day of peace and joy,
Thy hours are ever dear to me ;
Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy
The holy calm I find in thee.
- 3 Dear are thy peaceful hours to me,
For God has given them in his love,
To tell how calm, how blest shall be
The endless day of heaven above.

30. C. M. ANON.

- 1 CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
- 2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there ;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply ;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 "Glory to God !" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems sing—

“ Peace to the earth—good will to men,
From heaven’s Eternal King !”

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !
The Savior now is born !
And bright on Bethlehem’s joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

31. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 CAN creatures, to perfection, find
Th’ eternal, uncreated mind ?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out ?
- 2 God is a king of power unknown :
Firm are the orders of his throne :
If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why or what he does ?
- 3 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
The fainting sun grows dim at noon ;
The pillars of heaven’s starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.
- 4 He gave the vaulted heaven its form,
The crooked serpent and the worm ;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.
- 5 These are a portion of his ways ;
But who shall dare describe his face ?
Who can endure the light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand ?

32. L. M. BROWNE.

- 1 COME, Gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide ;
O’er every thought and step preside.

- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may not depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest ;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

33. S. M. HART.

- 1 COME Holy Spirit come !
Let thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood ;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh light in every part,
And new create the whole.
- 4 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our hearts the flame
Of never dying love.

24. C. M. WATTS.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys :
 Our souls can neither fly nor go,
 To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs ;
 In vain we strive to rise ;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate ?
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great ?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers ;
 Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

35. C. M. WATTS.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues ;
 But all their joys are one.

2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
 'To be exalted thus ;'
 'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
 'For he was slain for us.'

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine ;
 And blessings more than we can give
 Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him, that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

36. S. M. WATTS.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing ;
 Jehovah is the sovereign God,
 The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown ;
 He gave the seas their bound ;
 The watery worlds are all his own,
 And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
 Come, bow before the Lord :
 We are his works, and not our own,
 He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod ;
 Come, like the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious God.

37. L. M. STEELE.

1 COME, weary souls, with sins distrest,
 Come and accept the promised rest :
 The Savior's gracious call obey,
 And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
 Oh, come, and spread your woes abroad ;
 Divine compassion, mighty love
 Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
 To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;

Pardon, and life, and endless peace ;
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !

4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart ;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

38. S. M. WATTS.

1 COME we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place ;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

39. 11s. & 10s.

1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel :
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
anguish ;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life ; see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God boundless in love ;
 Come to the feast prepared ; come, ever knowing
 Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

40. 11s. FITZGERALD'S COLL.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness !
 Awake ! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more ;
 Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness ;
 Arise ! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
 And scattered their legions, was mightier far ;
 They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued
 them,
 Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
 Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be ;
 Shout ! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
 The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

41. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord ?
 Behold my heart and see ;
 And turn each worthless idol out,
 That dares to riyal thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still
 To my enraptured ear ?
 Doth not my pulse with pleasure beat,
 My Savior's voice to hear ?

3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
 I would disdain to feed ?

Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead ?

4 Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round thy throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known ?

5 Would not my heart pour out its blood,
In honor of thy name ?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame !

6 Thou know'st I love thee, O my Lord ;
But how I long to soar,
Above the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

42. C. M. WATTS.

1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise ;
Assist the offering of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard ;
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found.

4 What have I done for him who died
To save my wretched soul ?
How are my follies multiplied
Fast as my minutes roll !

5 Lord with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear cross I flee,



And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

43. C. M. WATTS.

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face :
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine ;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine!
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.
- 6 Thus till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King ;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

44. C. M. COWPER.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far,
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With prayer and praise agree ;
 And seem by thy sweet bounty made
 For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul
 And grace her mean abode,
 Oh ! with what peace, and joy, and love
 Communes she with her God !

4 There like the nightingale she pours
 Her solitary lays ;
 Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life,
 Sweet Source of light divine !
 And—all harmonious names in one—
 My Savior—thou art mine.

45. C. M. STEELE.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
 What endless glory shines !
 For ever be thy name adored,
 For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find ;—
 Riches, above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 And yields a free repast, ;
 Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
 Invite the longing taste.

4 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around ;
 And life, and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight ;
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be thou for ever near ;
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And view my Savior there.

46. 7s. J. TAYLOR.

1 FATHER of our feeble race,
 Wise, beneficent, and kind,
 Spread o'er nature's ample face,
 Flows thy goodness unconfined :
 Musing in the silent grove,
 Or the busy walks of men,
 Still we trace thy wondrous love,
 Claiming large returns again.

2 Lord, what offering shall we bring,
 At thine altar when we bow ?
 Hearts, the pure unsullied spring,
 Whence the kind affections flow ;
 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye expressed,
 Sympathy, at whose control,
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast :

3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
 Bind the wound, or feed the poor ;
 Love, embracing all our kind ;
 Charity, with liberal store :
 Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
 Thus to show our grateful mind,
 Thus the accepted offering bring,
 Love to thee, and all mankind.

47. C. M. BROWN.

- 1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quickening beams ;
And yet how slow devotion burns !
How languid are its flames !
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love :
Our frailties, Lord, forgive ;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end ;—
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air—
With heavenly lustre shine,—
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.
- 5 There shall we join, and never tire,
To sing immortal lays ;
And with the bright seraphic choir,
Sound forth Immanuel's praise.

48. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
'Till suns shall rise and set no more.

49. 7s. & 6s. HEBER.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ?—
 In vain, with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strown ;
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 By wisdom from on high—
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?—
 Salvation !—oh, salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft—waft, ye winds, his story ;
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;—
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 Returns in bliss to reign.

50. C. M. WATTS.

1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise
 Within the veil, and see
 The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be !

2 Once they were mourning here below,
 And wet their couch with tears ;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came ?
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
 (His zeal inspired their breast ;)
 And, following their incarnate God,
 Possessed the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
 For his own pattern given ;
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Show the same path to heaven.

51. H. M. WATTS.

1 Give thanks to God most high,
 The universal Lord ;
 The sovereign King of kings ;
 And be his grace adored.
 His power and grace | And let his name
 Are still the same ; | Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is his hand !
 What wonders he hath done !
 He formed the earth and seas,
 And spread the heavens alone.
 Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
 Shall still endure ; | Abides thy word.

3 He sent his only Son
 To save us from our wo,
 From darkness, sin, and death,
 And every hurtful foe.

His power and grace | And let his name
 Are still the same ; | Have endless praise.

4 Give thanks aloud to God,
 To God the heavenly King ;
 And let the spacious earth
 His works and glories sing.

Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
 Shall still endure ; | Abides thy word.

52. S. M. C. WESLEY.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears ;
 Hope and be undismayed ;
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
 He shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears thy way ;
 Wait thou his time, so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.

3 Thou seest our weakness, Lord ;
 Our hearts are known to thee ,
 O lift thou up the sinking head,
 Confirm the feeble knee.

4 To each thou dost divide
 His lot of good and ill ;
 Nor this too great, nor that too small,
 Ordained by heaven's high will

5 Let man conform his mind
 To every changing state :
 Rejoicing now, and now resigned,
 And the great issue wait.

6 Hopeful and humble take
 Thy evil and thy good ;
 Nor by presumption nor despair,
 Weak mortal, be subdued.

53. 8s. & 7s. NEWTON.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God !
 He whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for his own abode.

2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

3 See ! the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.

4 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage ?
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

54. L. M. KENN.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light ;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Under the shadow of thy wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed :

Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise, glorious, at the awful day.

- 4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close, ;—
Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away ;
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King !

55. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 God is the refuge of his saints
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep and buried there ;
Convulsions shake the solid world ;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;

Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth and armed with power.

56. C. M. COWPER.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

57. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 God of eternity, from thee
Did infant time his being draw ;
Moments, and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

- 2 Silent and slow they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea—
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid streams are borne
On to the everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return
- 4 Yet, while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of wisdom! teach my heart
To know the price of every hour;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure, and its power.

58. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 God of my life, through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praise I'll raise on high,
And check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains,
 Which echo through the heavenly plains ;
 And emulate, with joy unknown,
 The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

59. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 God of the morning, at whose voice
 The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
 And like a giant doth rejoice
 To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east
 The circuit of his race begins,
 And, without weariness or rest,
 Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 O, like the sun, may I fulfil
 The appointed duties of the day ;
 With ready mind and active will
 March on, and keep my heavenly way.
- 4 But I shall rove and lose the race,
 If God, my sun, should disappear,
 And leave me, in this world's wild maze,
 To follow every wandering star.
- 5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
 Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;
 Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
 And then receive me to thy bliss ;
 All my desires and hopes beside
 Are faint and cold, compared with this.

60. C. L. M. ANON.

- 1 Go watch and pray : thou canst not tell
 How near thine hour may be;

Thou canst not know how soon the bell
 May toll its notes for thee :
 Death's countless snares beset thy way ;
 Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
 Does thy firm pulse beat high ?
 Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
 Sparkle before thine eye ?
 Soon these must change, must pass away ;
 Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

3 Ambition, stop thy panting breath ;
 Pride, sink thy lifted eye !
 Behold, the caverns dark with death
 Before you open lie !
 The heavenly warning now obey ;
 Ye sons of pride, go watch and pray.

4 Thou aged man ! life's wintry storm
 Hath seared thy vernal bloom ;
 With trembling limbs and wasted form,
 Thou bendest o'er the tomb :
 And can vain hope lead THEE astray ?
 Go ! weary pilgrim, watch and pray.

61. 7s. & 6s. ANON.

1 Go when the morning shineth,
 Go when the noon is bright,
 Go when the eve declineth,
 Go in the hush of night ;
 Go with pure mind and feeling,
 Cast earthly thought away,
 And, in thy chamber kneeling,
 Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee,

Pray too for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be ;
 Then, for thyself, in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim,
 And link with each petition
 The dear Redeemer's name.

62. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **GRACE** !—'tis a charming sound !
 Harmonious to the ear !
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way
 To save rebellious man ;
 And all the steps that grace display
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road :
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days :
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

63. P. M. WATTS.

- 1 **GREAT** God, the heavens, well ordered frame
 Declares the glories of thy name :
 There thy rich works of wonder shine :
 A thousand starry beauties there,
 A thousand radiant marks appear
 Of boundless power and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
 The dawning and the dying light
 Lectures of heavenly wisdom read ;

With silent eloquence they raise
 Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
 And neither sound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine instructions run
 Far as the journeys of the sun,
 And every nation knows their voice:
 The sun, in robes of glory dressed,
 Breaks from the chambers of the east,
 Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
 He smiles, and speaks his maker God ;
 All nature joins to show thy praise;
 Thus God in every creature shines ;
 Fair is the book of nature's lines,
 But fairer is thy book of grace.

64. C. M. GIBBONS.

1 **G**REAT God, the nations of the earth
 Are by creation thine ;
 And in thy works, by all beheld,
 Thy radiant glories shine,

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
 Thy gospel to mankind,
 Unveiling what rich stores of grace
 Are treasured in thy mind.

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
 The spacious earth around,
 Till every tribe and every soul
 Shall hear the joyful sound ?]

4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
 To spread the gospel's rays ;
 And build, on sin's demolished throne,
 The temples of thy praise.

65. L. M. STEELE.

- 1 **GREAT** God, to thee my evening song,
With humble gratitude I raise ;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus : his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

66. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **GREAT** God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand :
The opening year thy mercy shows ;
Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God ;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,

We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

67. S. M. WATTS.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great ;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand !
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress ;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces !
- 4 In every new distress
We 'll to his house repair ;
We 'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

68. 8s. 7s. & 4s ROBINSON.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand :
BREAD OF HEAVEN,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow :
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through :
 STRONG DELIVERER,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside :
 DEATH OF DEATH and HELL'S DESTRUCTION,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

69. L. M. WATTS.

1 HAPPY the CITY, where their sons,
 Like pillars round a palace set,
 And daughters, bright as polished stones,
 Give strength and beauty to the state.

2 Happy the COUNTRY, where the sheep,
 Cattle, and corn, have large increase ;
 Where men securely work, or sleep,
 Nor sons of plunder break their peace.

3 Happy the NATION thus endowed :
 But more divinely blest are those,
 On whom the all-sufficient God
 Himself with all his grace bestows.

70. C. M. WATTS.

1 HAPPY the heart, where graces reign,
 Where love inspires the breast :
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And strengthens all the rest.

3 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
 And all in vain our fear :

Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move :
The devils know, and tremble too,
But devils cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

71. L. M. WESLEY'S COLL.

1 HAPPY the man, who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race ;
The wisdom coming from above,
And faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace ;
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared with her.

3 He finds, who wisdom apprehends,
A life begun that never ends ;
The tree of life divine she is,
Set in the midst of paradise.

4 Happy the man who wisdom gains,
In whose obedient heart she reigns,
He owns, and will forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

72. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 HARK the glad sound ! the Savior comes !
The Savior promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

73. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands ;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share ;
The whole creation is thy charge ;
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God, how excellent thy grace,
 Whence all our hope and comfort springs !
 The sons of Adam in distress
 Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 From the provision of thy house
 We shall be fed with sweet repast ;
 There mercy like a river flows,
 And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
 Springs from the presence of my Lord ;
 And in thy light our souls shall see
 The glories promised in thy word.

74. S. M. WATTS.

1 How beauteous are their feet,
 Who stand on Zion's hill !
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice !
 How sweet the tidings are !
 'Zion, behold thy Savior King,
 He reigns and triumphs here.'

3 How happy are our ears,
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found !

4 How blessed are our eyes,
 That see this heavenly light ;
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But died without the sight !

5 The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
 Through all the earth abroad :
 Let every nation now behold
 Their Savior and their God.

75. L. M. BARBAULD.

- 1 How blest the righteous when he dies !
 When sinks a weary soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes,
 How gently heaves the expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
 So gently shuts the eye of day,
 So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys ;
 Nothing disturbs that peace profound
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell ;
 How bright the unchanging morn appears !
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies ;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 ' How blest the righteous when he dies ! '

76. S. M. STENNETT

- 1 How charming is the place,
 Where my Redeemer God
 Unveils the beauties of his face,
 And sheds his love abroad !
- 2 Not the fair palaces,
 To which the great resort,

Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents ;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts ;
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

77. 11s. * * *

1 How dark is this world ! that above us how bright !
Here sin spreads its shade, and there love sheds its light :
Oh ! had I the wings of a dove, I would fly
To the region of peace where no cloud veils the sky.

2 Yet here if I linger, my stay is Gods will,
Far away from my bliss, to drink more of life's ill :
I will bear all the load through my journey's dark length,
With Christ for my light and his arm for my strength.

3 What is sent me I'll take, for in love 'tis all given,
And the sorrow of earth points its finger to heaven :
I'll repine not at ill, nor to trials give way ;
'Tis the darkness of night makes the brightness of day.

4 When the tempest raves loud and the billows swell high,
When night spreads its gloom, and no star lights the sky,
Hope casts her sure anchor, and lifts her bright form
O'er the wild-rolling waves, mid the darkness and storm.

5 Be it mine then, my God, while thy voice bids me stay,
 All thy promise to trust, all thy will to obey,
 To walk by thy light, to take heed lest I fall,
 To ask for thy aid, and to wait for thy call.

6 When the set time is come, and my toil is all o'er,
 And life's last weary wave sinks to rest on the shore,
 When death flings his arrow, the grave takes my dust,
 My spirit shall fly to her home with the just.

7 In the mansions of peace where my Savior is gone,
 Where the children of light their bright raiment put on,
 Where the banquet is love, and its pure cup they pour,
 And all join the blest song, shall I dwell evermore.

78. C. M. WATTS.

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say,
 'In Zion let us all appear,
 And keep the solemn day!'

2 I love her gates, I love the road ;
 The church, adorned with grace,
 Stands like a palace built for God,
 To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
 The holy tribes repair ;
 The Son of David holds his throne,
 And sits in judgment there.

4 Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest :
 With holy gifts, and heavenly grace,
 Be her attendants blest.

5 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains ;
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
 There God my Savior reigns.

79. C. M. STEELE.

- 1 How oft, alas ! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord !
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word !
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, 'Return :'
Dear Lord, and may I come !
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
O take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove ?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love ?
- 4 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Savior, I adore ;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

80. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are !
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate ;

God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their Helper God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

81. S. P. M. WATTS.

1 How pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
‘ Come, let us seek our God to-day !’
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion’s hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place !
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round ;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel’s joyful sound.

3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest ;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest !

82. C. M. RIPPON.

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears ;

Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

83. C. M. WATTS.

1 How vain are all things here below !
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky,
Give but a flattering light ;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where most we feel delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood—
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God !

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense !
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Savior, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food ;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

84. P. M. WATTS.

1 I'll praise my Maker with my breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :

My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

- 2 Why should I make a man my trust ?
Princes must die and turn to dust :
Vain is the help of flesh and blood ;
Their breath departs, their pomp, and power
And thoughts all vanish in an hour ;
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : he made the sky,
And earth and seas with all their train ;
His truth forever stands secure :
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor ;
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind :
He sends the laboring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 5 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

85. P. M. WATTS.

- 1 I love the volumes of thy word ;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed !
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way ;
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray ;
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 From the discoveries of thy law
 The perfect rules of life I draw :
 These are my study and delight :
 Not honey so invites the taste,
 Nor gold that hath the furnace past
 Appears so pleasing to the sight.

3 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
 And warn me where my danger lies :
 But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
 That makes my guilty conscience clean,
 Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
 And gives a free, but large reward.

4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts ?
 My God, forgive my secret faults,
 And from presumptuous sins restrain.
 Accept my poor attempts of praise,
 That I have read thy book of grace,
 And book of nature, not in vain.

86. S. M. DWIGHT.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of thine abode,
 The church, our blest Redeemer saved
 With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God !
 Her walls before thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of thine eye,
 And graven on thy hand.

2 If e'er to bless thy sons
 My voice or hands deny,
 These hands let useful skill forsake,
 This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
 Her welfare, or her woe,
 Let every joy this heart forsake,
 And every grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall ;
 For her my prayers ascend ;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 'Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.

7 Sure as thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories, earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

87. C. M. MRS. BROWN.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
 From every cumb'ring care,
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear ;
 And all His promises to plead,
 Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore,
 And all my cares and sorrows cast
 On him whom I adore.

4 I love, by faith, to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
 The prospect doth my strength renew,
 While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.

88. C. M. WATTS.

- 1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
 The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest ;
 My public walks, my private ways,
 And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
 Before they're formed within ;
 And, ere my lips pronounce the word,
 He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high !
 Where can a creature hide ?
 Within thy circling arms I lie,
 Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
 And like a bulwark prove,
 To guard my soul from every ill,
 Secured by sovereign love.

89. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away ;
 Away, ye tempters of the mind,
 False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
 And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along,
 Down to the gulf of black despair ;
 And, while I listened to your song,
 Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
 That warned me of the dark abyss,
 That drew me from those treacherous seas,
 And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
 I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes ;
 Oh ! for the pinions of a dove,
 To bear me to the upper skies !

5 There, from the presence of my God,
 Oceans of endless pleasure roll ;
 There would I fix my last abode,
 And drown the sorrows of my soul.

90. C. M. WATTS.

1 Is there ambition in my heart ?
 Search, gracious God, and see :
 Or do I act a haughty part ?
 Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
 And all my carriage mild ;
 Content, my Father, with thy will,
 And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind
 Shall have a large reward :
 Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
 And trust a faithful Lord.

91. 11s. EPIS. COLL. *Continued*

1 I would not live alway : I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way :
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
 Are enough for life's woes—full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin ;
 Temptation without and corruption within :
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway ; no—welcome the tomb !
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom :
 There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
 To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns :

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Savior and brethren transported to greet,
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

92. L. M. WATTS.

1 JEHOVAH reigns ! he dwells in light,
 Girded with majesty and might :
 The world, created by his hands,
 Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But, ere this spacious world was made,
 Or had its first foundations laid,
 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Thyself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
 And aim their rage against the skies ;
 Vain floods, that aim their rage so high !
 At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 Forever shall thy throne endure :
 Thy promise stands forever sure ;
 And everlasting holiness
 Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

93. L. M. GREGG.

1 JESUS ! and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of thee !
 Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days !

2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star ;
 He sheds the beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.

4 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend,
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
 No : when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then, I boast a Savior slain !
 And, O, may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me !

94. 8s. & 7s. GEMS.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave, and follow thee ;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence my All shalt be :
 Let the world neglect and leave me ;
 They have left my Savior too :
 Human hopes have oft deceived me ;
 Thou art faithful, thou art true.

2 Perish earthly fame and treasure,
 Come disaster, scorn, and pain :
 In thy service, pain is pleasure ;
 With thy favor, loss is gain :
 Oh ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While thy bleeding love I see ;
 Oh ! 'tis not in joy to charm me,
 When that love is hid from me.

95. 7s. COWPER.

1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high !

Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone—
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head,
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 More than all in thee I find ;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

96. L. M. WATTS.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run :
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
 And praises throng to crown his head ;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise,
 With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
 The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud amen.

97. C. M. NEWTON.

1 Joy is a fruit that will not grow
 In nature's barren soil ;
 All we can boast, till Christ we know,
 Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
 And made his glories known,
 There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
 Are found—and there alone.

3 A bleeding Savior seen by faith,
 A sense of pardoning love,
 A hope that triumphs over death,
 Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
 To know that God is mine—
 Are springs of joy that never fail,
 Unspeakable, divine !

5 These are the joys which satisfy,
 And sanctify the mind :
 Which make the spirit mount on high,
 And leave the world behind.

98. C. M. WATTS.

1 Joy to the world ! the Lord is come !
 Let earth receive her King :

Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth ! the Savior reigns !
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

99. C. M. WATTS.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord ;
And not a glimpse of hope appears
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage ;
Here I behold my Savior's face
Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin ;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
No danger dwells therein.

5 This is the judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail ;

My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command ;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

100. Ss. Hogg.

1 LAUDED ^{by} thy name forever, ^(be)
Thou of life the Lord and Giver :
Thou dost guard thy creatures sleeping ;
Thou dost heal the heart that's weeping,
I have seen, and well I know it,
Thou hast done, and thou wilt do it.

2 God of evening's yellow ray,
God of every dawning day,
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name forever.

3 I have seen thy wondrous might
Through the shadows of the night :
Thou who slumb'rest not nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest ;
Through the darkness none shall harm them,
Naught shall waken or alarm them.

4 Thine are the flaming spheres of light,
Thine is the darkness of the night,
Thine are all the gems of even ;
God of angels, God of heaven,
God of life that fade shall never,
Glory to thy name forever.

101. L. P. M. WATTS.

1 LET all the earth their voices raise
 To sing the choicest psalms of praise,
 To sing and bless Jehovah's name :
 His glory let the heathen know,
 His wonders to the nations show,
 And all his saving works proclaim.

2 He framed the globe, he built the sky,
 He made the shining worlds on high,
 And reigns complete in glory there :
 His beams are majesty and light ;
 His beauties how divinely bright !
 His temple how divinely fair !

3 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
 When earth shall feel his saving power,
 And barbarous nations fear his name ;
 Then shall the race of man confess
 The beauty of his holiness,
 And in his courts his grace proclaim.

102. S. M. BEDDOME.

1 LET party names no more,
 The Christian world o'erspread :
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth
 Let mutual love be found ;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above ;
 Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
 And every heart is love.

103. S. M. ANON.

- 1 LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting place above
The cheerless waters found ;
- 2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam ;
All the wide world to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door ;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

104. 8s. 7s. & 4s. ANON.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
O refresh us !
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

105. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee !

At once they sing—at once they pray—
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

- 2 I have been there, and still would go :
'Tis like the dawn of heaven below :
Not all that careless sinners say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 Oh write upon my memory, Lord,
The truths and precepts of thy word !
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
That, finding pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake, with God.

106. C. M. WATTS.

- 1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage ;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise ;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest ;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

107. C. M. WATTS.

1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high ;
 To thee will I direct my prayer,
 To thee lift up mine eye :

2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone,
 To plead for all his saints,
 Presenting at his Father's throne
 Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand ;
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
 To taste thy mercies there ;
 I will frequent thy holy court,
 And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness !
 Make every path of duty straight
 And plain before my face.

108. H. M. WATTS.

1 Lord of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thine earthly temples are !

To thine abode | With warm desires
 My heart aspires, | To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
 With pleasure seeks a nest,
 And wandering swallows long
 To find their wonted rest :
 My spirit faints, | To rise and dwell
 With equal zeal | Among thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray

Where God appoints to hear !

O happy men that pay

Their constant service there !

They praise thee still ; | That love the way
And happy they | To Zion's hill !

4 They go from strength to strength,

Through this dark vale of tears,

Till each arrives at length,

Till each in heaven appears :

O glorious seat, | Shall thither bring

When God our King | Our willing feet !

5 The Lord his people loves ;

His hand no good withholds

From those his heart approves,

From pure and pious souls :

Thrice happy he, | Whose spirit trusts

O God of Hosts, | Alone in thee !

109. L. M. WATTS.

1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through;

Thine eye commands, with piercing view,

My rising and my resting hours,

My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,

Are to my God distinctly known ;

He knows the words I mean to speak,

Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand ;

On every side I find thy hand :

Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,

I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !

My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there !

110. C. M. WATTS.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
I am forever thine ;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice ;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

111. S. M. WATTS.

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame !
Our life, how poor a trifle 't is,
That scarce deserves the name !

2 Alas ! 't was brittle clay
That built our body first !
And every month and every day
'T is moulderling back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
 Nor will our minutes stay ;
 Just like a flood, our hasty days
 Are sweeping us away.

4 Well :—if our days must fly,
 We 'll keep their end in sight ;
 We 'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
 And let them speed their flight.

5 They 'll waft us sooner o'er
 This life's tempestuous sea :
 Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore
 Of blest eternity.

112. C. M. WATTS.

1 LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
 They strike me with surprise ;
 Not all the sands that spread the shore
 To equal numbers rise.

3 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
 The product of thy skill ;
 And hourly blessings from thy hands
 Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep ;
 How kind, how dear to me !
 O may the hour that ends my sleep
 Still find my thoughts with thee.

113. C. M. STEELE.

1 LORD, when our raptured thought surveys
 Creation's beauties o'er,
 All nature joins to teach thy praise,
 And bid our souls adore.

2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
 Thy radiant footsteps shine ;
 Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
 And speak their source divine.

3 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,
 In all thy works appear :
 And O ! let man thy praise record—
 Man, thy distinguished care !

4 From thee the breath of life he drew ;
 That breath thy power maintains,
 Thy tender mercy, ever new,
 His brittle frame sustains.

5 Yet nobler favors claim his praise,
 Of reason's light possessed ;
 By revelation's brighter rays
 Still more divinely blessed.

114. 8s. & 7s. WHITEFIELD.

1 LOVE DIVINE, all love excelling,
 Joy of HEAVEN, to earth come down,
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown :
 Jesus, thou art all compassion ;
 Pure, unchanging love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, THOU MIGHTY TO DELIVER,
 Let us all thy grace receive ;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave :
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above ;
 Bless and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.

3 Finish, Lord, thy new creation ;
 Pure and spotless let us be ;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored by thee ;

Changed from glory unto glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

115. H. M. DODDRIDGE.

1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
 And the descending rain :
 To heaven, from whence it fell,
 It turns not back again ;
 But waters earth | And calls forth all
 Thro' every pore, | Her secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green
 The hills and valleys shine,
 And man and beast are fed
 By providence divine.
 The harvest bows | The copious seed
 Its golden ears,— | Of future years.

3 So, saith the God of grace,
 My gospel shall descend,
 Almighty to effect
 The purpose I intend :
 Millions of souls | And bear it down
 Shall feel its power, | To millions more.

116. L. M. SCOTT.

1 MARK, when tempestuous winds arise,
 The wild confusion and uproar,
 All ocean mixing with the skies,
 And wrecks are dashed upon the shore.

2 Not less confusion racks the mind,
 When, by the whirl of passion tossed,
 Calm reason is to rage resigned,
 And peace in angry tumult lost.

3 O self-tormenting child of pride,
 Anger, bred up in hate and strife ;
 Ten thousand ills, by thee supplied,
 Mingle the cup of bitter life.

4 Happy the meek, whose gentle breast,
 Clear as the summer's evening ray,
 Calm as the regions of the blest,
 Enjoy on earth celestial day.

5 No jars their peaceful tent invade,
 No friendships lost their bosom sting ;
 And foes to none, of none afraid,
 Where'er they go, sweet peace they bring.

6 O may a temper meek and mild,
 With gentle sway our souls possess ;
 Passion and pride be thence exiled,
 And to be blest, still may we bless !

117. C. M. WATTS.

1 MISTAKEN souls ! that dream of heaven !
 And make their empty boast
 Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
 While they are slaves to lust !

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
 If faith be cold and dead ;
 None but a living power unites
 To Christ, the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
 'Tis faith that works by love ;
 That bids all sinful joys depart,
 And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
 By a celestial power ;
 This is the grace that shall prevail
 In the decisive hour.

5 Faith must obey her Father's will,
 As well as trust his grace ;
 A pardoning God is jealous still
 For his own holiness.

118. 7s. COLLYER.

- 1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb !
 Jesus dissipates the gloom !
 Day of triumph through the skies !
 See the glorious Savior rise !
- 2 Christians, dry your flowing tears ;
 Chase those unbelieving fears ;
 Look on his deserted grave ;
 Doubt no more his power to save.
- 3 Ye who are of death afraid,
 Triumph in the scattered shade ;
 Drive your anxious fears away ;
 See the place where Jesus lay !
- 4 So the rising sun appears,
 Shedding radiance o'er the spheres ;
 So returning beams of light
 Chase the terrors of the night.

119. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
 I read my duty in thy word ;
 But in thy life the law appears,
 Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
 Such deference to thy Father's will,
 Such love, and meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air
 Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer ;
 The desert thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
 More of thy gracious image here ;
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
 Among the followers of the Lamb.

120. L. M. WATTS.

1 My God, how endless is thy love !
 Thy gifts are every evening new ;
 And morning mercies, from above,
 Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command ;
 To thee I consecrate my days ;
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

121. L. M. WATTS.

1 My God, my King, thy various praise
 Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
 Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
 Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
 And every setting sun shall see
 New works of duty done for thee.

3 Let distant times and nations raise
 The long succession of thy praise ;
 And unborn ages make my song
 The joy and labor of their tongue.

4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?
 Thy greatness all our thought exceeds ;
 Vast and unsearchable thy ways !
 Vast and immortal be thy praise !

122. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee ;
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Savior go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;
One sovereign word can draw me thence :
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn :
Let noise and vanity be gone :
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

123. S. M. WATTS.

- 1 My God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine ;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore ;
Not travelers, in desert lands,
Can pant for water more.
- 3 For life without thy love
No relish can afford ;
No joy can be compared to this,
To serve and please the Lord.
- 4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

5 The shadow of thy wings
 My soul in safety keeps :
 I follow where my Father leads,
 And he supports my steps.

124. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

1 My Helper, God ! I bless his name ;
 The same his power, his grace the same :
 The tokens of his friendly care
 Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 I midst ten thousand dangers stand,
 Supported by his guardian hand ;
 And see, when I survey my ways,
 Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm hath led me on :
 Thus far I make his mercies known ;
 And, while I tread this desert land,
 New blessings shall new songs command.

125. S. M. STEELE.

1 My Maker and my King !
 To thee my all I owe :
 Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,
 From whence my blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind !
 A thousand reasons move,
 A thousand obligations bind,
 My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
 On thee alone I live :
 My God ! thy benefits demand
 More praise than tongue can give.

4 O, what can I impart
 When all is thine before ?
 Thy love demands a thankful heart,—
 The gift, alas, how poor !

5 Shall I withhold thy due ?
 And shall my passions rove ?
 Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
 And fill it with thy love.

6 O let thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength divine ;
 Let all my powers to thee aspire,
 And all my days be thine.

126. S. M. HEATH.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
 Ten thousand foes arise ;
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
 To draw thee from the skies.

2 Go watch, and fight, and pray ;
 The battle ne'er give o'er ;
 Renew it boldly day by day,
 And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
 Nor lay thine armor down ;
 The arduous work will not be done,
 Till thou obtain thy crown.

127. S. M. WATTS.

1 My soul repeat his praise,
 Whose mercies are so great ;
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
 Above the ground we tread,
 So far the riches of his grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
 And his forgiving love,
 Far as the east is from the west,
 Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
 To those that fear his name,
 Is such as tender parents feel ;
 He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower ;
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
 It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
 To endless years endure ;
 And children's children ever find
 Thy word of promise sure.

128. C. M. WATTS.

1 Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
 Nor sense nor reason known,
 What joys the Father hath prepared
 For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
 Reveals a heaven to come ;
 The beams of glory in his word
 Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
 And all the region peace ;
 No wanton lip, nor envious eye
 Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
 Pollution, sin and shame ;
 None shall obtain admittance there,
 But followers of the Lamb.

129. S. M. WATTS.

1 Nor all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away ;
 A sacrifice of nobler name
 And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
 The burdens thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the cursed tree ;—
 And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove ;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

130. C. M. WATTS.

1 Not to the terrors of the Lord,
 The tempest, fire, and smoke ;
 Not to the thunder of that word,
 Which God on Sinai spoke :

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
 The city of our God,
 Where milder words declare his will,
 And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
 Of angels, clothed in light !
 Behold the spirits of the just,
 Whose faith is turned to sight !

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
 Whose names are writ in heaven !
 And God, the judge of all, declare
 Their vilest sins forgiven !

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
 But one communion make ;
 All join in Christ, their living Head,
 And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
 My weary soul would rest :
 The man that dwells where Jesus is,
 Must be forever blest.

131. 6s. & 10s. MILTON.

1 No war nor battle's sound
 Was heard the world around,
 No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran ;
 But peaceful was the night,
 In which the Prince of Light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began.

2 The shepherds on the lawn,
 Before the point of dawn,
 In social circle sat, while, all around,
 The gentle fleecy brood
 Or cropped the flowery food,
 Or slept, or sported on the verdant ground.

3 When lo ! with ravished ears,
 Each swain delighted hears
 Sweet music, offspring of no mortal hand ;
 Divinely warbled voice,
 Answering the stringed noise,
 With blissful rapture charmed the listening band.

4 Sounds of so sweet a tone
 Before were never known,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While God disposed in air
 Each constellation fair,
 And the well balanced world in ether hung.

5 Hail, hail, auspicious morn !
 The Savior Christ is born ;
 (Such was the immortal seraph's song sublime)
 Glory to God in heaven ;
 To man sweet peace be given,
 Sweet peace and friendship to the end of time !

132. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song !
 Awake, my soul ; awake, my tongue ;
 Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
 And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
 The brightest image of his grace ;
 God, in the person of his Son,
 Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
 Proclaim the wise, the powerful God ;
 And thy rich glories from afar
 Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
 The noblest labor of thine hands ;
 The pleasing lustre of his eyes
 Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;
 My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name ;
 Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
 Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.
- 6 O, may I live to reach the place
 Where he unveils his lovely face,
 Where all his beauties you behold,
 And sing his name to harps of gold !

133. S. M. WATTS.

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul !
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul !
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave ;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

134. C. M. COWPER.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet Messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

5 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

135. P. M. WATTS.

1 O HAPPY nation, where the Lord
 Reveals the treasure of his word,
 And builds his church, his earthly throne !
 His eye the heathen world surveys ;
 He formed their hearts, he knows their ways ;
 But God, their Maker, is unknown.

2 Let kings rely upon their host,
 And of his strength the champion boast ;
 In vain they boast, in vain rely :
 In vain we trust the brutal force,
 Or speed, or courage of a horse,
 To guard his rider, or to fly.

3 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
 Doth more secure defence afford,
 When death or dangers threatening stand :
 Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
 Who make thy name their fear and trust,
 When wars or famine waste the land.

4 In sickness, or the bloody field,
 Thou our physician, thou our shield,
 Send us salvation from thy throne :
 We wait to see thy goodness shine ;
 Let us rejoice in help divine,
 For all our hope is God alone.

136. C. M. WATTS.

1 O how I love thy holy law !
 'Tis daily my delight :
 And thence my meditations draw
 Divine advice by night.

2 How doth thy word my heart engage !
 How well employ my tongue !
 And, in my tiresome pilgrimage,
 Yield me a heavenly song !

3 No treasures so enrich the mind ;
 Nor shall thy word be sold
 For loads of silver well refined,
 Nor heaps of choicest gold.

4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
 Thy promises of grace
 Are pillars to support my hope ;
 And there I write thy praise.

137. C. M. COWPER.

1 O LORD ! my best desires fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears ?
 Or tremble at thy gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears ?

3 No ! let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize, to thee,
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Nor wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favor all my journey through
 Thou art engaged to grant !
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way :
 Shall I resist them both ?—
 A poor blind creature of a day,
 And crushed before the moth !

6 But ah ! my inmost spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway ;
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies
 Drives all these thoughts away.

138. 8s. 7s. & 4s. FAWCETT.

1 O my soul, what means this sadness ?
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?
 Let thy griefs be turned to gladness,
 Bid thy restless fears be gone ;
 Look to Jesus,
 And rejoice in his dear name.

2 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
 From without and from within,
 Jesus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,
 But will save from hell and sin :
 He is faithful,
 To perform his gracious word.

3 Though distresses now attend thee,
 And thou tread'st the thorny road,
 His right hand shall still defend thee ;
 Soon he'll bring thee home to God !
 Therefore praise him,
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.

139. C. M. WATTS.

1 O that the Lord would guide my ways,
 To keep his statutes still !
 O that my God would grant me grace,
 To know and do his will !

2 O send thy Spirit down, to write
 Thy law upon my heart !
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off mine eyes ;
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desires, arise
 Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere ;
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.

5 Make me to walk in thy commands ;
 'Tis a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

140. C. M. BARBAULD.

1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground ;
 We seek that promised soil :
 The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
 While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
 And oft are bathed in tears ;
 Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise,
 And nought but sin our fears.

3 We tread the path our Master trod :
 We bear the cross he bore ;
 And every thorn that wounds our feet,
 His temples pierced before.

4 Our powers are oft dissolved away
 In ecstacies of love ;
 And, while our bodies wander here,
 Our souls are fixed above.

5 We purge our mortal dross away,
 Refining as we run ;
 And while we die to earth and sense,
 Our heaven is here begun.

141. C. M. WATTS.

- 1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home ;
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God ;
To endless years the same.
- 3 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 5 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light ;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.
- 6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

142. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 O WHERE shall rest be found ?
Rest for the weary soul ?—
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce' to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh :
9*

'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

143. C. M. WATTS.

- 1** PRAISE ye the Lord, immortal choir,
That fill the realms above :
Praise him, who formed you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.
- 2** Thou, restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrowed rays.
- 3** Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar ;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.
- 4** Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud,
Through the ethereal blue ;
For, when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.
- 5** Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bids you grow,
Sweet clusters, bend the fruitful vines
On every thankful bough.
- 6** Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, catch the sound ;
Echo the glories of your King,
Through all the nations round.

144. S. M. WATTS.

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears ;
No terror clothes his brow ;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down,
To rebels doomed to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call ;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

145. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bound
Of the revolving year :
How swift the weeks complete their round !
How short the months appear !
- 2 So fast eternity comes on—
And that important day,

When all, that mortal life hath done,
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
The swift revolving year ;
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

4 Waken, O God, my careless heart,
Its great concern to see ;
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to to thee.

5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise ;
Or this shall bear my waiting soul
To joy beyond the skies.

146. C. M. NEEDHAM.

1 **Rise**, O my soul—pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod ;
Aspiring, view those holy men,
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live ;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas thro' the Lamb's most precious blood,
They conquered every foe ;
To his victorious power and grace,
Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road,
That led them safe to heaven.

147. C. M. WATTS.

1 SALVATION ! O, the joyful sound !
 'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay ;
 But we arise, by grace divine,
 To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

148. L. M. ANON. *Gest* *line*.

1 SAVIOR ! when night involves the skies,
 My soul, adoring, turns to thee !
 Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
 And wrapt in shades of death for me.

2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
 When crimson gleams the east ~~adorn~~ ;
 Thee, victor of the grave and hell ;
 Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
 To thee, my soul triumphant springs ;
 Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
 Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.

4 O'er earth when shades of evening steal,
 To death and thee my thoughts I give ;
 To death, whose power I soon must feel,
 To thee, with whom I hope to live.

149. S. M. S—.

- 1 SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way ;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every bright'ning ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul,
Its heavenly Parent sing ;
And to its great Original,
The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care ;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near !
- 4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee ;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

150. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live :
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace :
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace :
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

151. C. M. WATTS.

- 1 Sing to the Lord ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue ;
His new discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son ;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day ;
Joy through the earth be seen ;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea ;
Ye mountains, sink, ye vallies, rise ;
Prepare the Lord his way.
- 5 Behold, he comes ; he comes to bless
The nations as their God ;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

152. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord !
Your great Deliverer sing !
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King !
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath made,
How peaceful and how plain !
The simplest traveller shall not err,
Nor seek the road in vain.
- 3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound :
Safety, support, and heavenly joy,
Through all the way are found.

4 A hand divine shall lead you on,
 Along the blissful road,
 Till to the sacred mount ye rise,
 And city of your God.

5 There garlands of immortal joy
 Shall bloom on every head ;
 While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
 Like shadows all are fled.

6 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
 Pursue his footsteps still,
 And let the prospect cheer your eye,
 While laboring up the hill.

153. P. M. H. MORE.

1 Soft are the fruitful showers that bring
 The welcome promise of the spring,
 And soft the vernal gale :
 Sweet the wild warblings of the grove,
 The voice of nature and of love,
 That gladden every vale.

2 But softer in the mourner's ear,
 Sounds the mild voice of mercy near,
 That whispers sins forgiven ;
 And sweeter far the music swells,
 When to the raptured soul she tells
 Of peace and promised heaven.

3 Fair are the flowers that deck the ground ;
 And groves and gardens blooming round,
 Their countless charms unfold :
 Bright is the sun's meridian ray,
 And bright the beams of setting day,
 That robe the clouds in gold.

4 But far more fair the pious breast,
 In richer robes of goodness drest,
 Where heaven's own graces shine ;

And brighter far the prospects rise,
That burst on faith's delighted eyes,
From glories all divine.

154. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad,
The honors of our Savior God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

155. C. M. WATTS.

- 1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God ;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.
- 2 How great the works his hand hath wrought !
How glorious in our sight !
Good men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is nature's frame !
How wise the Eternal Mind !
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts designed.

4 Nature, and time, and earth, and **skies**,
 Thy heavenly skill proclaim ;
 What shall we do to make us wise,
 But learn to read thy name ?

5 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
 Is our divinest skill ;
 And he's the wisest of our race,
 That best obeys thy will.

156. C. M. WATTS.

1 Soon as I heard my Father say,
 " Ye children, seek my grace,"
 My heart replied without delay,
 " I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Thy face thou wilt not hide from me,
 Nor frown my soul away :
 God of my life, I fly to thee,
 In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
 Leave me to want or die,
 My God will make my life his care,
 And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
 Had not my soul believed
 To see thy grace provide relief ;
 Nor was my hope deceived.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
 And keep your courage up :
 He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
 And far exceed your hope.

157. C. M. HERBERT.

1 SWEET day ! so cool, so calm, so bright !
 Bridal of earth and sky !
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
 For thou, alas ! must die.

H Y M N S .

2 Sweet rose ! in air whose odors wave,
 And color charms the eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou, alas ! must die.

3 Sweet spring ! of days and roses made,
 Whose charms for beauty vie,
Thy days depart, thy roses fade ;
 Thou, too, alas ! must die.

4 Only a sweet and holy soul
 Hath tints that never fly ;
While flowers decay, and seasons roll,
 This lives, and cannot die.

5 Be wise then, mortals, while ye may,
 For time is swiftly flying ;
The thoughtless man, that laughs to-day,
 To-morrow will be dying.

158. C. M. GREGORY.

1 SWEET is the love that mutual glows
 Within each brother's breast ;
And binds in gentlest bonds each heart ;—
 All blessing and all blest :

2 Sweet as the odorous balsam poured
 On Aaron's sacred head,
Which o'er his beard, and down his vest
 A breathing fragrance shed.

3 Like morning dews, on Sion's mount,
 That spread their silver rays ;
And deck with gems the verdant pomp,
 Which Hermon's top displays.

4 To such the Lord of life and love
 His blessing shall extend ;
On earth a life of joy and peace,
 And life that ne'er shall end.

159. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast :
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

160. C. M. WATTS.

- 1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame ;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time ;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain ;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show ;
 Some dig for golden ore ;
 They toil for heirs—they know not who—
 And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish, or wait for then,
 From creatures, earth, and dust ?
 They make our expectations vain,
 And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
 My fond desires recall ;
 I give my mortal interest up,
 And make my God my all.

161. L. M. ANON.

1 The bosom where I oft have lain,
 And slept my infant hours away,
 Will never beat for me again !
 In death it lies and wrapt in clay.

2 How many were the silent prayers
 My mother offered up for me !
 How many were the bitter cares
 She felt when none but God could see !

3 Well—she is gone ! and now, in heaven,
 She sings his praise who died for her ;
 And to her hand a harp is given,
 And she's a heavenly worshipper.

4 O let me think of all she said,—
 Of all the kind advice she gave ;
 And let me do it now she's dead,
 And sleeping in her lowly grave.

5 And let me choose the path she chose,
 That I, O God, her face may see,
 Beyond this world of sin and woes,
 And dwell with her who dwells with thee.

162. S. M. ANON.

- 1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears ;
May angels guard us while we sleep
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love !

163. C. M. CROSWELL.

- 1 THE dearest room of all this pile—
A pile to mercy dear—
Lord, hallow with thy gladdening smile,
And grant thy presence here !
- 2 To Thee, its walls are set apart,
Who, in our flesh enshrined,
Art pledged to heal the broken heart,
And feel for human kind.
- 3 Be here, our great perpetual Guest,
O Savior, night and day,
To give the heavy laden rest,
And bear their griefs away.

4 With that still voice that melts the soul
 In soothing prayer and psalm,
 The tumult of our thoughts control
 To thy divinest calm !

5 Here, tune anew the jarring sense,
 Life's uncoiled spring re-wind,
 And garnish, for thy residence,
 The mansions of the mind !

6 Ascend, O Son of God, thy throne,
 Let reason feel thy sway,
 Till in thy light we find our own,
 And darkness turn to day !

164. L. M. WATTS.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord !
 In every star thy wisdom shines ;
 But, when our eyes behold thy word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And nights and days thy power confess ;
 But the blest volume thou hast writ
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise
 Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
 So, when thy truth began its race,
 It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
 Till through the world thy truth has run ;
 Till Christ has all the nations blest,
 That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise ;
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
 In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
 And make thy word my guide to heaven.

165. H. M. WATTS.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns ;
 His throne is built on high ;
 The garments he assumes
 Are light and majesty ;
 His glories shine | No mortal eye
 With beams so bright, | Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
 Keep the wide world in awe ;
 His wrath and justice stand
 To guard his holy law :
 And, where his love | His truth confirms
 Resolves to bless, | And seals the grace.

3 And can this mighty King
 Of glory condescend ?
 And will he write his name,
 My Father and my Friend ?
 I love his name, | Join, all my powers,
 I love his word ; | And praise the Lord.

166. S. M. WATTS.

1 THE Lord my shepherd is,
 I shall be well supplied :
 Since he is mine, and I am his,
 What can I want beside ?

2 He leads me to the place
 Where heavenly pasture grows,
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim,
 And guides me in his own right way,
 For his most holy name,

4 While he affords his aid,
 I cannot yield to fear ;
 Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
 My shepherd's with me there.

5 Amid surrounding foes
 Thou dost my table spread ;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
 Shall crown my following days ;
 Nor from thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak thy praise.

167. C. M. WATTS.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
 Eternal and on high ;
 And here my spirit waiting stands,
 Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
 Must be dissolved and fall ;
 Then, O my soul, with joy obey
 Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he by his almighty grace,
 That forms thee fit for heaven ;
 And, as an earnest of the place,
 Hath his own spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come ;
 Faith lives upon his word ;
 But while the body is our home,
 We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
 But we had rather see ;
 We would be absent from the flesh,
 And present, Lord, with thee.

168. C. M. WATTS.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers ;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dressed in living green ;
 So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger, shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 O ! could we make our doubts remove,
 These gloomy doubts that rise—
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unclouded eyes ;
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er ;
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

169. C. M. ANON.

- 1 There's not a tint that paints the rose,
 Or decks the lily fair,
 Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
 But God has placed it there.

2 At early dawn there's not a gale
 Across the landscape driven,
 Or breeze that cools the peaceful vale,
 That is not sent by Heaven.

3 There's not of grass a single blade,
 Or leaf of cheerful green,
 Where heavenly love is not displayed.
 And heavenly wisdom seen.

4 There's not a tempest dark and dread
 That rends the peaceful air,
 Or wakes the sleeping ocean's bed,
 But God's own voice is there.

5 Around, beneath, below, above,
 Wherever space extends,
 There God displays his boundless love,
 And power with mercy blends.

170. C. P. M. TAPPAN.

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wanderers given ;
 There is a joy for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast ;—
 'Tis found alone in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven ;
 When toss'd on life's deceitful shoals,
 Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
 To brighter prospects given,
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.

4 There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given :

There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

171. C. M. STEELE.

- 1 THE Savior calls—let every ear
 Attend the heavenly sound ;
 Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear ;
 Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
 Here streams of bounty flow ;
 And life, and health, and bliss impart,
 To banish mortal wo.
- 3 Ye sinners, come—’tis mercy’s voice ;
 That gracious voice obey ;
 ’Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys—
 And can you yet delay ?
- 4 Dear Savior ! draw reluctant hearts ;
 To thee let sinners fly,
 And take the bliss thy love imparts,
 And drink—and never die.

172. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
 But there’s a nobler rest above ;
 To that our longing souls aspire,
 With cheerful hope, and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
 Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place ;
 No groans shall mingle with the songs,
 Which dwell upon immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of angry foes ;
 No cares to break the long repose ;
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O, long expected day, begin ;
 Dawn on these realms of pain and sin ;
 With joy we'll tread the appointed road,
 And sleep in death to rest with God.

173. C. M. WATTS.

1 This is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours his own ;
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
 And Satan's empire fell :
 To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
 And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
 To David's holy Son :
 Help us, O Lord ; descend, and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
 With messages of grace ;
 Who comes in God his Father's name,
 To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise ;
 The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

174. C. M. ROWE.

1 Thou didst, O mighty God, exist
 Ere time began its race ;
 Before the ample elements
 Filled up the void of space.

2 Before the ponderous earthly globe
 In fluid air was stayed ;

Before the ocean's gushing springs
 Their liquid stores displayed.

3 And, when the pillars of the world,
 With sudden ruin break,
 And all this vast and goodly frame
 Sinks in the mighty wreck :

4 When from her orb the moon shall start,
 The astonished sun roll back,
 While all the trembling starry lamps
 Their ancient course forsake ;

5 Forever, permanent and fixed,
 From agitation free,
 Unchanged in everlasting years,
 Shall thy existence be.

175. L. M. WATTS.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
 Thus far his power prolongs my days,
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
 But he forgives my follies past,
 And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
 Peace is the pillow for my head ;
 While well appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
 Tell me a thousand frightful things ;
 My God in safety makes me dwell,
 Beneath the shadow of his wings.

5 Faith in his name forbids my fear:
 O may thy presence ne'er depart ;
 And in the morning make me bear
 Thy love and kindness in my heart.

176. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
 Till all who are distressed
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just ;
 Deliverance he affords to all
 Who on his succor trust.

4 O, make but trial of his love,—
 Experience will decide
 How blessed they are, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear :
 Make you his service your delight,—
 Your wants shall be his care.

177. C. M. WATTS.

1 Time ! what an empty vapor 'tis !
 And days, how swift they are !
 Swift as the winged arrow flies,
 Or like a shooting star.

2 The present moments just appear,
 Then slide away in haste ;
 That we can never say, they're here,
 But only say, they're past.

3 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh ;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.

4 Yet, mighty God ! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favors share ;
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.

5 Thus we begin the lasting song :.
And, when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

178. L. M. WATTS.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb !
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed ;
Then rest, dear saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn !
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word !
Restore thy trust ! the glorious form
Shall then arise, to meet the Lord.

179. L. M. WATTS.

1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies ;
Thence all her help my soul derives ;
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives—the everlasting God,
 That built the world, that spread the flood ;
 The heavens with all their hosts he made,
 And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
 His morning smiles bless all the day ;
 He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
 The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
 May rise secure, securely rest ;
 Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
 Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
 Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
 Shall blast thy couch ; no baleful star
 Dart his malignant fire so far.

6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
 Still thou shalt go, and still return,
 Safe in the Lord ; his heavenly care
 Defends thy life from every snare.

180. H. M. WATTS.

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
 From God is all my aid—
 The God that built the skies ,
 And earth and nature made :
 God is the tower | His grace is nigh
 To which I fly ; | In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
 Nor fall in fatal snares,
 Since God, my guard and guide,
 Defends me from my fears.
 Those wakeful eyes, | Shall Israel keep,
 That never sleep, | When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
 Nor blasts of evening air,
 Shall take my health away,
 If God be with me there :

Thou art my sun, | To guard my head
 And thou my shade, | By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word.
 To save my soul from death ?
 And I can trust my Lord
 To keep my mortal breath :

I'll go and come, | Till from on high
 Nor fear to die, | Thou call me home.

181. H. M. HAYWARD.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn,
 Thou day of sacred rest ;
 I hail thy kind return ;
 Lord, make these moments blest.
 From the low train of mortal toys
 I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
 And fill his throne of grace ;
 Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
 While saints address thy face ;
 Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers ;
 Disclose a Savior's love,
 And bless these sacred hours :
 Then shall my soul new life obtain,
 Nor sabbaths be indulged in vain.

182. S. M. WATTS.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this ;
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

183. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 WHAT secret hand, at morning light,
Softly unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky ?
- 2 'Tis thine, my God—the same that kept
My resting hours from harm ;
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath the Almighty's arm,
- 3 'Tis thine—my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scattered round,
And clothes me, as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.
- 4 In death's dark valley though I stray,
'T would there my steps attend,
Guide with the staff my lonely way,
And with the rod defend.

5 May that dear hand uphold me still,
 Through life's uncertain race,
 To bring me to thine holy hill,
 And to thy dwelling place.

184. C. M. WATTS.

1 WHAT shall I render to my God
 For all his kindness shown ?
 My feet shall visit thine abode,
 My songs address thy throne.

2 How much is mercy thy delight,
 Thou ever-blessed God !
 How dear thy servants in thy sight !
 How precious is their blood !

3 How happy all thy servants are !
 How great thy grace to me !
 My life, which thou hast made thy care,
 Lord, I devote to thee.

4 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
 Nor shall my purpose move ;
 Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain,
 And bound me with thy love.

185. L. M. WATTS.

1 WHAT sinners value I resign ;
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :
 I shall behold thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
 But the bright world, to which I go,
 Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
 When shall I wake and find me there ?

3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
 I shall be near and like my God !
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.

186. C. M. ADDISON.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 4 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face ;
And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 6 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And, after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

187. C. M. BARBAULD.

- 1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his God,
What rites, what honors shall he pay ?
How spread his praise abroad ?
- 2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall clouds of incense rise ?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly sacrifice ?

3 Vain, sinful man ! creation's Lord
 Thy offerings well may spare :
 But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
 A God who heareth prayer.

188. C. M. WATTS.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I'll bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall,
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all—

3 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

189. L. M. H. K. WHITE.

1 WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky,
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem ;
 But one alone the Savior speaks ;
 It is the star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze ;
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem :
 When suddenly a star arose ;
 It was the star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
 And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 Forever and forevermore,
 The star—the star of Bethlehem.

190. S. M. WATTS.

1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
 My heart within me dies ;
 Helpless, and far from all relief,
 To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
 That's high above my head,
 And make the covert of thy wings
 My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
 Forever I'll abide ;
 Thou art the tower of my defence,
 The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
 Of those that fear thy name ;
 If endless life be their reward,
 I shall possess the same.

191. L. M. ENFIELD.

1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
 Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
 Lives but the insect of a day,—
 O why should mortal man be proud ?

2 His brightest visions just appear,
 Then vanish, and no more are found ;
 The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
 A breath may level with the ground !

3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
 With trembling step he seeks his way ;
 How vain of wisdom's gifts the boast !
 Of reason's lamp, how faint the ray !

4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
 Are crowded in life's little span :
 How ill, alas, does pride become
 That erring, guilty creature, man.

5 God of my life, Father divine !
 Give me a meek and lowly mind :
 In modest worth, O, let me shine,
 And peace in humble virtue find.

192. C. M. PATRICK.

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.

2 'Fear not,' said he—for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind—
 'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.

3 'To you, in David's town, this day
 Is born, of David's line,
 The Savior, who is Christ the Lord ;
 And this shall be the sign :

4 'The heavenly babe you there shall find
 To human view displayed;
 All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
 And in a manger laid.'

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, and thus
 Addressed their joyful song ;

6 'All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace !
 Good will henceforth, from heaven to men,
 Begin and never cease !'

193. C. M. H. M. WILLIAMS.

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power !
 Be my vain wishes stilled ;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed ;
 To thee my thoughts would soar :
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;
 That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see !
 Each blessing to my soul most dear,
 Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see ;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
 That heart will rest on thee.

194. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

1 WHILE through this changing world we roam,
 From infancy to age,

Heaven is the christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.

2 Thither his raptured thought ascends,
 Eternal joys to share ;
 There his adoring spirit bends,
 While here he bows in prayer.

3 From earth his freed affections rise,
 To fix on things above,
 Where all his hope of glory lies,
 And love is perfect love.

4 O, there may we our treasure place,
 There let our hearts be found,
 That still where sin abounded, grace
 May over sin abound.

5 While here, our life by faith shall be
 With Christ before the throne :
 Ere long we eye to eye shall see,
 And know as we are known.

195. C. M. WATTS.

1 Who shall inhabit in thy hill,
 O God of holiness ?
 Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
 So near his throne of grace ?

2 The man that walks in pious ways,
 And works with righteous hands,
 That trusts his Maker's promises,
 And follows his commands.

3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
 Nor slanders with his tongue ;
 Will scarce believe an ill report,
 Nor do his neighbor wrong.

4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
 Loves all that fear the Lord ;
 And, though to his own hurt he swears,
 Still he performs his word.

5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
 And never gripe the poor ;
 This man shall dwell with God on earth,
 And find his heaven secure.

196. L. M. WATTS.

1 Why should we start and fear to die ?
 What timorous worms we mortals are !
 Death is the gate of endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
 Fright our approaching souls away ;
 Still we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O ! would my Lord my spirit meet,
 Then would she stretch her wings in haste,
 Fly, fearless, through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

197. 6s. & 5s. SAC. SONGS.

1 Why that look of sadness ?
 Why that downcast eye ?
 Can no thought of gladness
 Lift thy soul on high ?
 O, thou heir of heaven,
 Think of Jesus' love,

While to thee is given
All his grace to prove.

2 Is thy trembling spirit
Troubled for thy sin ?
Think of him whose merit
Makes thy conscience clean.
Think of Calvary's mountain
Where his blood was spilt ;
In that holy fountain
Wash away thy guilt.

3 Lift thy spirit drooping,
Wipe that starting tear,
And, in Jesus hoping,
Cast away thy fear.
See the prize before thee,
Sit not hopeless down,
Speed thee on to glory,
Win thy fadeless crown.

198. C. M. WATTS.

1 With songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high ;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow
Descend and clothe the ground ;

The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

5 He sends his word, and melts the snow ;
The fields no longer mourn :
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6 The changing wind, the flying cloud
Obey his mighty word ;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

199. 8s. 7s. & 6s. MORAVIA.

1 With thee I lay me down to sleep,
To thee I will commend me ;
I trust, my Guardian, thou wilt keep,
And in this night attend me.
Of death I'm not afraid,
Nor world nor hell I dread ;
For who with Jesus shuts his eyes,
He also does with Jesus rise.

2 With joy, this night, as my pulse beats,
My spirit shall adore thee ;
And, while my heart its throb repeats,
My soul shall bow before thee.
Thus I to sleep recline :
Lord Jesus, I am thine :
Yea, my Redeemer, thou art mine,
And I am now forever thine.

200. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

1 Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light ;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

2 And thou, resplendent orb of day,
 In brighter flames arrayed ;
 My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
 No more demands thy aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
 Of my divine abode ;
 The pavement of those heavenly courts,
 Where I shall see my God.

4 The Father of eternal light
 Shall there his beams display ;
 Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
 With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
 Shall swell into my eyes ;
 Nor the meridian sun decline,
 Amidst those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints
 Shall in one song unite ;
 And each the bliss of all shall view,
 With infinite delight.

201. P. M. WATTS.

1 Ye holy souls, in God rejoice,
 Your Maker's praise becomes your voice :
 Great is your theme, your songs be new :
 Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
 His works of nature, and of grace !
 How wise and holy, just and true !

2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
 And the whole earth his goodness proves ;
 His word the heavenly arches spread :
 How wide they shine from north to south !
 And by the spirit of his mouth
 Were all the starry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide flowing seas,
 (Those watery treasures know their place)
 In the vast store-house of the deep:
 He spake, and gave all nature birth ;
 And fires and seas, and heaven and earth
 His everlasting orders keep !

4 Let mortals tremble, and adore
 A God of such resistless power,
 Nor dare indulge their feeble rage :
 Vain are their thoughts and weak their hands,
 But his eternal counsel stands,
 And rules the world from age to age.

202. L. M. WATTS.

1 Ye nations round the earth, rejoice
 Before the Lord, your sovereign King ;
 Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
 With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God ; 'tis he alone
 Doth life, and breath, and being give ;
 We are his work, and not our own ;
 The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
 With praises to his courts repair ;
 And make it your divine employ
 To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind ;
 Great is his grace, his mercy sure ;
 And the whole race of man shall find
 His truth from age to age endure.

203. C. M. WATTS.

1 **Y**e sons of men, a feeble race,
 Exposed to every snare,
 Come, make the Lord your dwelling place,
 And try, and trust his care.

2 He'll give his angels charge to keep
 Your feet in all their ways :
 To watch your pillow while you sleep,
 And guard your happy days.

3 'Because on me they set their love,
 'I'll save them,' saith the Lord ;
 'I'll bear their joyful souls above
 'Destruction and the sword.

4 'My grace shall answer when they call ;
 'In trouble I'll be nigh ;
 'My power shall help them when they fall,
 'And raise them when they die.

5 'Those that on earth my name have known,
 'I'll honor well in heaven :
 'There my salvation shall be shown,
 'And endless life be given.'

204. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

1 **Y**e sons of men with joy record
 The various wonders of the Lord ;
 And let his power and goodness sound,
 Through all your tribes the earth around.

2 Sing earth in verdant robes arrayed,
 Its herbs and flowers, its light and shade :
 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
 And think how wide its Maker reigns.

3 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
 Those spacious fields of brilliant light,

Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.

4 But oh, that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love !
God's only Son in flesh arrayed,
For man a bleeding victim made !

5 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar ;
There, in the land of praise, adore :
The theme demands an angel's lay ;
Demands an everlasting day.

205. H. M. WATTS.

1 Ye tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng | In worlds of light
Of angels bright, | Begin the song.

2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
And moon, that rul'st the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His power declare, | And clouds that fly
Ye floods on high, | In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command.
He spake the word, | From nothing came,
And all their frame | To praise the Lord.

4 He moved their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past ;

And each his word fulfils
While time and nature last.

In different ways | His wondrous name,
His works proclaim | And speak his praise.

5 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above ;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love.

While earth and sky | His saints shall raise
Attempt his praise, | His honors high.

206. C. M. STEELE.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast !
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms :
He calls, he bids you come :
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms :
But see, there yet is room.

3 O come, and, with his children, taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast,
Of nobler joys above.

4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstacies unknown.

5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come :
Ye longing souls, the grace adore ;
Approach, there yet is room.

207. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 Your happy voices join,
And strike the heavenly song ;
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's way,
With music pass along.
- 2 How straight the path appears !
How open and how fair !
No lurking snares to seize our feet—
No fierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring ;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.
- 4 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise ;
And higher crowns than mortals wear,
Far sparkle through the skies.
- 5 All honor to his name
Who marks the shining way ;
To him who leads the pilgrims on
To realms of endless day.

208. S. M. TOPLADY.

- 1 Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ;
Loud to the praise of Love divine.
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine ;

Nor present things nor things to come
 Shall quench the spark divine.

4 Blest is the man, O God,
 That stays himself on thee ;
 Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
 Shall thy salvation see.

209. C. M. NEWTON.

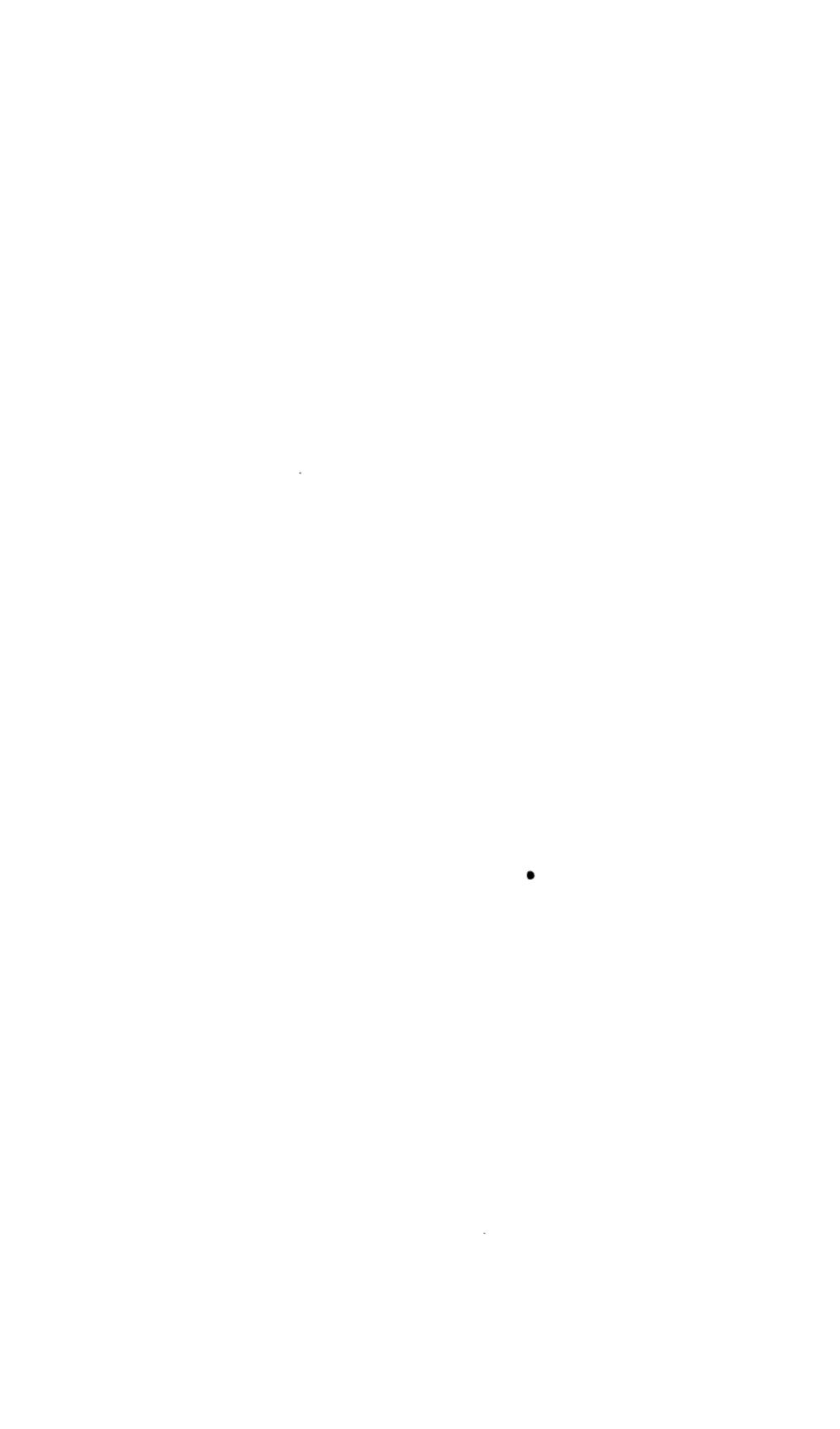
1 ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame
 The fire of love suplies ;
 While that which often bears the name,
 Is self in a disguise.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
 Can pity and forbear ;
 The false is headstrong, fierce, and wild,
 And breaths revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
 He knows the worth of peace ;
 But self contends for names and forms,
 Its party to increase.

4 Zeal has attained its highest aim,
 Its end is satisfied,
 If sinners love the Savior's name ;
 Nor seeks it aught beside.

5 Dear Lord, the idol self dethrone
 And from our hearts remove ;
 And let no zeal by us be shown,
 But that which springs from love.



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